A COLLECTION

...OF...

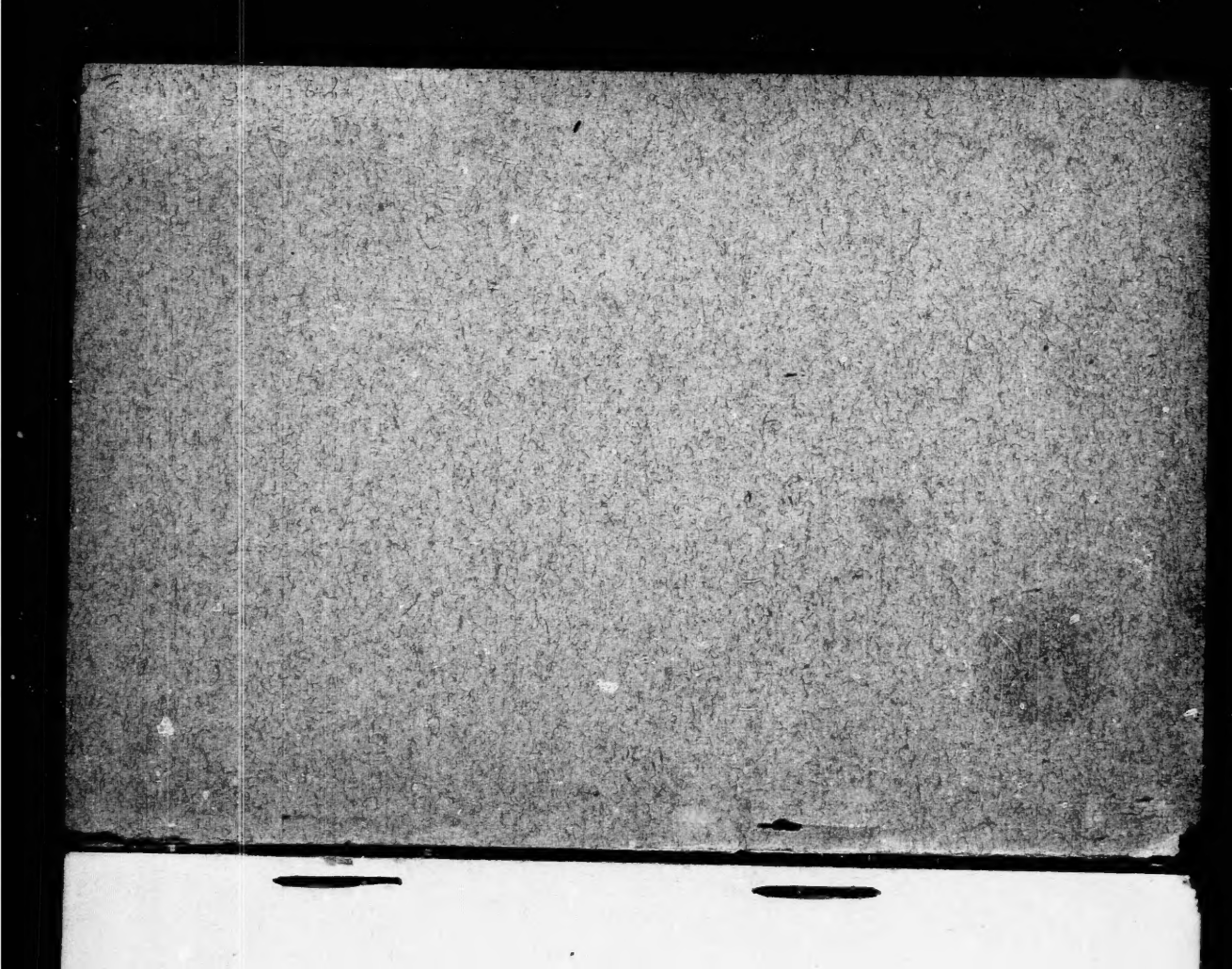
ORIGINAL POETRY

COMPOSED BY

EDWARD BOYNE

A BLIND MAN

PRICE TEN CENTS



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TORONTO:
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PREFACE.

This is to certify that I, Edward Boyne, was blown up with dynamite, and was left Totally Blind. Was engaged as a foreman, constructing the New York and West Shore Railroad; Contractor Mr. John Hunter, Sterling Valley, Caquago County, N. Y., Doctor's Taylor & Smilill, Canadaharie, N. Y.

EDWARD BOYNE.

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nd. Was
York and
n Hunter,
's Taylor

OYNE.

OUR SISTER.

Sw et peace be to hy soul dear sister,
Such love and kindness, how we missed her;
Thy sufferings here were so severe,
With Jesus thy Saviour thy soul is clear.

Rest for thy body free from all care
Thy art gone to thy mansion which Christ did prepare;
In paradise from glory to glory thou shalt go,
Being taught by dear Jesus he'll make you white as snow

Dear sister Louise you are only gone before
From light to light passed to the other shore,
When I cross the River, may I with Jesus go,
And on the Heavenly shore sister Louise I shall know.

Dear sister our loss is your gain,
Your mission on earth is at an end ;
May all the Sisters of St. John the Divine,
In Heaven dear Sister Louise find.

Oh, soldier of Jesus lay thy arms at His feet,
God has called thy soul from His mercy seat ;
Bidden thee to rise, the saint band to swell,
A crown on thy head with Jesus to dwell.

From glory to glory thou shalt go on and on
Shining the image of God's dear son ;
Perfect peace and happiness is thine
Around the throne of God to shine.

THE KING AND THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Thoughts on Mr. Moody's Sermon on Nov. 8th, '9, at the Massey Hall, Toronto.

The blind beggar called upon the King one day
When passing through his city he passed his way ;
All is dark, I cannot see ;
Oh ! thou Son of David have mercy upon me.

The blind man then Hozanna did sing,
And through that city his voice it did ring,
For Jesus had healed him and bid him go free,
The blind man was thankful, said, I can see, I can see.

In sin and shame how many are blind,
Speak all evil words to each other unkind,
Just listen and hear what Jesus will say,
You may have your spiritual eyesight to-day.

Man, woman and child, wherever you are,
Just look and see the gates ajar ;
For Jesus is waiting to bid you go free,
The blind beggar now the King he could see.

See the King in his beauty and love divine
His holy love on your faith will shine,
Then dwell with Jesus for ever more
Upon the great eternal shore.

REST.

Soldier of Jesus lay your arms at His feet,
The battle is ended, the conquest complete ;
The laurels you have won now lay by his side,
For Christ is your life, your hope and your guide

Resting in Paradise, Jesus with thee
Thy love and thy beauty we plainly see,
Being taught by Jesus more glory to know,
As into his image and likeness we grow.

Walking with Jesus through streets of gold.
Talking with Jesus, sweet peace to thy soul,
Holy love all undefiled,
Pure and innocent as a little child.

Love, purity and truth we find,
In this beautiful city there is no blind,
They need not the light nor the heat of the sun
For the city is lit up by the Glorified One.

IN THE GARDEN.

Alone Jesus wept and prayed in the garden,
To obtain us rebels pardon ;
Not my will, O Father, but thine be done,
None could utter these words but God's dear Son.

What pain and agony He bor for man
No mortal flesh could understand ;
His hands and feet were nailed to the cross,
To redeem all sinners lost.

The sun refused to give his light,
The day was turned as dark as night ;
They buried Him in a tomb of stone,
The loved disciples how they mourned.

'Tis finished and the victory won,
He has ascended on high to plead for men,
For whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive.

Glory be to God on high,
Who gave his son for us to die,
Oh, Holy Spirit, from above
Sweet messenger of God's own love.

THE BLIND MAN TO HIS BOY.

My boy when I launched my bark away,
Across the narrow stream to stay,
The loving God who guards us here,
Will guide your father through all clear.

My boy my bark cannot be lost,
Although it might be tempest tossed,
Dark and rough may be the waves,
My boy remember Jesus saves.

My boy with faith look up to Him,
You too must cross the narrow stream
It may not be yet for a little while
But God will call you too my child.

Take up your cross then every day,
Walk strictly in the narrow way;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
Trust in God and do the right.

It is not far from shore to shore,
All praise to God whom we adore,
Holy Spirit Heavenly Dove,
Give us thy blessing from above.

O Father may we all be thine,
May thy pure love within us shine
May I meet my family all above,
Where we will give love for love.

WAITING.

Waiting in silence, watchful in prayer
O may my God my soul prepare,
For the Master will come as a thief in the night
May I be ready to take my flight.

CHORUS:

Waiting to welcome the King of Kings
Listen all the angels His praises they sing,
O help me then my voice to raise,
I also would sing the Saviours praise,

Waiting to know when the Bridegroom is here,
At the feet of Jesus contented so near,
Sorrow and trouble is gone with all care
I shall with Jesus enternity share

Waiting to walk in a robe of pure white,
The army of Jesus led on by his might,
A crown of bright glory I then shall wear,
When I shall with Jesus eternity share.

Waiting to welcome the King in his beauty
Christians arise, attend to your duty,
What power and love will shine in his face,
Waiting alone, I'm saved by God's grace.

THE LOVE OF GOD TO MAN.

I gave my only Son for thee,
He paid the cost and set you free,
Hear His gentle pleading voice
My friend, take Jesus as your choice.

CHORUS :

I'll come to Jesus at the foot of the Cross
With sins red as scarlet, guilty and lost,
Thy power is sufficient, in the fountain I'll go
Then Jesus will wash me as white as snow.

My poor lost child come back to me,
O, how I yearn to set you free,
Onward, take me as your guide,
I'll keep thee ever by my side.

All thy troubles and sorrow I'll share,
All thy wants shall be my care,
I'll pour my spirit into thy soul,
And keep thee safe within the fold.

Thy peace no man shall take away,
Walk strictly in the narrow way,
Then my beauty you will behold,
When I my glory shall unfold.

REMEMBER THAT EACH MAN IS YOUR BROTHER.

O give me a heart that can feel for another,
In poverty, sickness, or health,
Stretch out your hand, and be a good brother,
Don't fawn on a man for his wealth.

CHORUS :

Do a good turn when you've got the chance,
Don't think it no trouble nor bother ;
The pass word to-day, my boy, is, Advance;
Remember each man's your brother.

The poor working girl with her needle and thread,
She works hard every day to earn her own bread,
Don't cut her in pieces, it is a disgrace,
But do what is right, 'twill cheer her sad face.

We meet the blind and lame in our city,
I say, a little help is worth lots of pity,
It may come your turn, some day my friend,
Don't be afraid your help to lend.

They say that old man is as ugly as sin,
You pucker your faces and grin,
You hide all his faults, but I think it's too thin,
You say its all right, he's got plenty of tin.

The times are hard you all must admit,
We all cannot get a Government "sit,"
Then do the very best you can,
God bless our honest working man.

THE WRECK.

In the west of England on the Cornish coast
I'm going to write but not to boast,
The seas were running mountains high,
When on the shore we heard a cry.

For a noble ship to her doom was driven,
Against the rocks her sides were riven ;
The crew, all powerless to save,
For no boat could live in such a wave.

The fishermen and wives on the beach were assembled,
And the bravest man among them trembled,
When all at once a man of God drew nigh,
And on the sands a speaking trumpet espied.

He picked it up and loudly cried,
"Ship ahoy !" "Hi- Hi," came back in response,
"Look to Jesus !" We cannot save you !
"Hi-Hi Sir" And silence reigned.

And as we saw the ship go to pieces
We heard the sailors loudly singing:
"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Until the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

THE FACTORY GIRL.

Now Mary worked hard at the factory all day,
To keep herself and mother who lives over the way.
Now Mary had got neither father nor brother,
She used to work every day for herself and her mother.

Now I'd marry the girl if she'd not got a dollar,
Only a print frock, honest and clean;
You often find diamonds in dirt and in squalor,
But my Mary was noble and proud as a queen.

When her day's work at the factory it was through,
He homeward journey she'd pursue;
Her mother would welcome her with a smile,
Saying, "You're welcome at home my child."

I love my Mary more than I'd mention,
But to marry the girl is my intention,
I proposed, was accepted, and don't you forget it,
Show me the man who would try to upset it.

The factory bells they all will ring,
The lads and lasses they all will sing.
They will give us a welcome like birds in June,
When we start off on our honeymoon.

THE OLD HOME.

In a neat little cottage, how well I remember,
The snow coming down in the month of December;
By the fire, a mother and father I see,
Telling a story of their children three.

CHORUS:

Now the father with old age was bent,
His race was nearly run;
The grey-haired mother a picture leant,
As she sat by the fire and spun.

Our Jack, a noble boy was he,
He entered into the Queen's Navy,
He sends us letters with money too,
God bless and keep our sailor Jack.

Our dear boy Tom was tall and strong,
When from our home he started;
A soldier, ten years to serve, so long
We were nearly broken-hearted.

Our daughter Mary, that little pet,
You know on her our heart was set,
I would not call her back, she's gone to rest,
And with the Master she is blest.

Wife, you have played a noble part,
You have been good to me;
Yes, dear John, you've done your best,
We've loved our children three.
We soon shall cross the river alone,
But with our Father we shall all meet at home.

CARRIE DOCKERAY.

I'm a nice little girl, I also dress neat,
My father sells milk on Christie street,
So father and mother both made up their minds,
So I'm off to the country to cut up a shine.

Mr. Roche, a farmer without reproach,
Supplies us milk with his old farm coach,
Says he, "Carrie, now you've got a good show,
So back with me to the farm you must go."

Home-made bread, fresh butter, and eggs new laid,
Now don't get jealous my fair city maid,
'Tis pleasant at this dear old farm home,
As over the fields and meadows I roam.

I left Sarah and Minnie all well in the dumps,
But I'm going out to the farm for a romp,
So farewell friends, I must be away,
You know I've only a week to stay.

OUR BLACKSMITH.

Our neighbor Charley is a jolly good fellow,
He rolls up his sleeves when he blows his bellows;
He always strikes when the iron is red-hot,
To keep himself and his family in his own little cot.

So merrily the anvil was ringing to-day
Up Christie street as I passed that way.
He shoes all his horses neat and strong,
As he drives in the nails you can hear his song.

His forge is going from morn till night,
The sparks from his anvil it is a fair sight;
Sleighs, wagons or buggies he will make or repair,
As long as he does your patronage share.

Our blacksmith is both tall and strong,
Give him a job he won't keep you long,
He'll turn it out in right good style,
Pay him the money and see him smile.

THE ISLAND PARK—TORONTO.

The Island Park is the proper place to spend a summer day,
Take in the balmy breezes and hear the band play;
Or if you want a picnic or a good cup of tea
Take the boat at Yonge street and come along with me.

You can get your hokey-pokey peanuts five cents a bag,
Or on the jolly roundabouts you can ride on a nag;
If you want a lovely swing, just come along by Joe
And if you've got a bathingsuit a-swimming you may go.

The boat she blows her whistle the passengers embark,
Then we steam across the ferry to the Island Park.
There are old men and young men just going for a lark
To help the pretty ladies a-crossing after dark.

The houses at the Island all look very neat
The Park it is so quiet, I'm sure it is a treat,
Mrs. Mead she keeps a boarding house, she serves you very nice,
Mr. Grey's restaurant they will serve you in a trice.

If in Toronto you should chance to roam upon a summer day,
Be sure you see the Island Park before you go away,
A pleasure you will not forget no matter where you be,
So take the boat at Yonge street and come along with me.
The mother with her children they have a lovely time,
They run and romp about the Park, I tell you it is fine.
I wish I was a boy again, I tell you what it is
I'd go to the Island and romp as much as I please.

THE STOWAWAY.

The captain and mate were both brave and strong,
The sailors were merry and could sing a good song.
A poor little stowaway down in the hold,
Like a rat under cover out of the cold.

CHORUS:

Only a poor boy, hungry and cold,
From the wharf at New York stowed away in the hold,
Taking all chances with the big ship at sea,
To gain a free passage to the Old Country.

Our noble ship from America bound for the dear old sod,
The captain was a gallant man for years the ship had trod;
They left New York in the morning and soon were out to sea,
We bid farewell to the pilot saying I hope you'll remember me.

We had been out but a day or two
We sighted the banks as on she flew,
I'm sorry to say, but sad the tale,
The ship got wrecked in a terrible gale.

The Captain, a noble man was he,
Said, "Save yourselves, boys, don't think about me."
They lowered their boats then right away,
But all got drowned that very same day.

The Captain walked his ship from end to end
He hollored below "Is there any more men,"
When the poor little stowaway down in the hole
Came up on deck half dead with cold.

The Captain was frightened when thus he did say—
"Oh! Captain forgive me, I'm a poor stowaway."
"My boy," he said, "there's no time to talk,
But after me you must quickly walk."

He gave him a life belt, saying tie it tight as you can,
And cling to my neck like a stout young man.
"My boy, I'll save you if I can—
What do you think of this daring seaman?

The Captain swam till he had no more show,
"My poor boy I can no longer go.
But keep your face to yonder light—"
He sank to the bottom and was lost to sight.

The fishermen went to mend their nets next day,
They found the boy half dead on the sand they say,
When the poor boy his story had told,
But I was only a stowaway down in the hold.

YE SONS OF ENGLAND.

Ye sons of England proudly stand,
Shoulder to shoulder, every man.
Men on whom all honor falls,
Waiting to hear the muster-call.

CHORUS:
O England, be proud of your boys to-day,
Whether at home or far away,
Ready, aye ready, at your command,
To maintain the rights of Old England.

The Englishman is born to rule, 'tis true,
The seas are swept by her jackets blue,
The national color, the Red, White and Blue,
Are nailed to the mast by her sailors true.

Our soldiers are brave, no soul can deny
In honor of their country they dare to die,
They turn their back on no living foe,
But shoulder to shoulder, onward they go.

God Bless our gracious Queen, I say,
Her standard and laws we will obey;
Upon the land, or upon the sea,
Britons defend your liberty.

Ye Sons of England, wherever you roam
Forget not your country or your dear old home.
To your home and your family always remain true,
And to your national flag, the Red white and Blue.

LOVE'S COURSE.

I love my darling, and she love me,
But her father was crusty, don't you see,
But dear Mama was all on our side,
You are my darling, my hope and my pride.

CHORUS:
Take courage my darling and come with me,
My home is across the deep blue sea.
I'll cherish your heart wherever I roam;
I'll love and protect you when far from your home.

Mama and daughter against papa were bent,
So papa very soon gave his consent,
We're going to be married and that right soon,
I'll invite all my friends to the sweet honeymoon.

I love my darling, she knows that well,
The blush on her face the story oft' tells,
Soon will we hear the sweet wedding bells,
My darling with me forever shall dwell.

Now we're married and quite content
Across the ocean we are bent,
We shall settle down in my dear old town ;
We're the happiest pair that can be found.

THE SAILOR.

Our gallant ship has left the port,
Farewell dear Jack, he is a good sort.
He spent his money while he was on shore,
So he is gone to sea to work for more.

CHORUS :

And I will bring you back a monkey or a big cock-a-too,
And I shall come back as rich as a Jew;
Then my little darling I will make you my wife,
We will buy a little cottage and settle down for life.

The anchor is at the cat-head, and the sails are set
So farewell darling, you are my little pet ;
And now we cross the raging main,
But cheer up darling I will come back again.

CHORUS :

The Captain and the Mate are jolly old sea dogs,
You should see them navigate going through the fogs,
The sailor boys are merry which stand before the mast,
And now we jolly sailor boys are out to sea at last.

And now we cross the raging main no matter how she blows,
You should see the white foam as through the waves she goes ;
And soon we will cast anchor in a foreign land,
And when I do come back again I know you understand.

CHORUS :

And when our ship is loaded and we are homeward bound
You will see our flag a-flying as we are coming up the sound;
Then my little darling I will go to sea no more;
I will make you my loving wife as soon as we come on shore.

CHORUS:

BOYNE AND THE DEVIL.

As your Satanic Majesty is elected to do the roasting
I propose, without any boasting;
(As you, Devil and imps do all the bouncing,)
To give you a bit of my mind and a trouncing.

For your rebellion against the Great God Eternal,
He cast you down to the regions infernal,
And that's where you all deserve to be,
Roasting to all eternity.

As you devil and imps at your Council did attend,
And finding that Heaven you could not gain,
Therefore you all agreed to send
Satan to be revenged on men.

O, men take Jesus as your guard,
And He will all the devils discard,
And He will guide you on the way,
If unto Jesus you kneel and pray.

The Devil goes about like a roaring lion,
He would like to forget the great God to Zion,
But God will preserve him until that day
When he will all his vengenance pay.

The smoke of his torment shall ascend,
And then it will be known to men
That Jesus Christ, He is the King,
And God alone, He is Supreme.

PART 2.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

O the death that Jesus died for me,
On the Cross of Calvary.
Oh what love and what compassion,
For our lost and ruined condition.

His hands and feet were nailed fast,
To redeem our soul at last,
The blood flowed down His wounded side,
To redeem a world so wide.

Oh that from temptation I was free,
That I could wholly worship Thee,
That I with Jesus should ever be
Forever in eternity.

All glory to his Holy Name,
To the Heavenly father be the same,
O Holy Ghost, one, yet three,
We worship the Holy Trinity.

THE DRUNKARD.

The wind and storm was raging wild,
The snow tumbled helter skelter,
A drunkard turned out his wife and child,
From their only little shelter.

CHORUS:

O fancy facing such a storm,
With not enough to keep them warm.
The drunkard in his fury wild,
Has turned out his wife and only child.

And as they wandered through the streets,
Not knowing where to go,
So they sat down on the kerbing stone,
And soon were covered with snow.

"Oh hug me closer, mother dear!
I'm sure we'll freeze, if we sit here."
His mother hugged him closer to her breast,
And tried to quiet him to rest.

The policeman walking on his beat,
Found them both dead upon the street.
Never more shall they driven be,
By a drunkard's mad brutality.

When the drunkard's fury it had gone,
He looked about for his wife and son.
And when he knew what he had done,
To end his life in the lake did run.

THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath bells are chiming clear,
Bidding the people to God draw near,
It is the best day of the seven,
To prepare our souls for heaven.

The hum of the city now is stopped,
And the chiming bells their echoes drop,
Sounds of a nation singing praise,
Unto God their voices raise.

Our trials and troubles we bring to Him,
For God is the Almighty King,
He will guide us on our way,
If we humbly watch and pray.

To Jesus then for salvation cry,
O Lord to save us or else we die,
He will light us on our way,
To an eternal Sabbath Day.

Our Sabbath Day will soon be past,
O receive our souls at last,
Then loud anthems we will sing
All glory to the Immortal King.

MOTHER.

Those dove like eyes and winning face,
From my memory never can be chased,
In this country or any other,
Never will I forget my dear mother.

Gently bending o'er my bed,
Asking God's blessing on my head,
That my path may be bright and clear,
As through this world my course I stear,

Our dearest mother, our wants attend,
And while we sleep, our clothes she mends,
Not forgetting our dear father,
Who is so kind as gentle mother?

A true Mother's love can never be told,
It's purer than the finest gold;
When she dies, that Heavenly band to swell,
May I with Jesus and Mother dwell.

THE BLIND SHALL SEE.

The beauties of nature I no longer see,
The birds, the trees, or the humming bee,
Then farewell to this valley of tears,
Behold! my blessed Saviour appears.

In regions of glory with its beauties untold,
Whose walls are of jasper, and streets of bright gold;
In mansions o glory, and a robe of pure white,
I shall dwell wi h my Jesus, and have a clear sight.

O blind of this world, why will you not see,
O come unto Jesus, and thou shall be free;
For Jesus is calling, calling for thee,
The spirit is waiting from its bondage to flee.

In that heavenly land, where all sorrow is gone,
We'll sing unto Jesus that ever new song,
Hunger nor thirst there never shall be,
All glory to God the whole Trinity.

TO "SISTER MARY."

"For Mary has chosen the better part,"
And unto God has given her heart,
And while she does his voice obey,
Jesus will lead her all the way.

At the Mission House of work there's plenty,
For a strong and helpful hand;
But our "Sister Mary" is always ready—
God bless and cheer that little band.

Along the street her way she wends,
To reach the cottage of her friends,
To cheer the sick, or counsel give,
And speak of Him who died that they might live.

But Sister Mary, 'tis well known,
That your path, though steep, if clear:
For every one who Christ do own,
Esteems and loves you very dear.

For your sacrifice and self-denial,
God will own you for His child;
He will preserve you on the way,
While you never from Him stray.

And when your labor here is done,
Then God will claim you as his own.
I know the prize you will obtain,
You ever shall with Jesus reign.

MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOUR'S CHILD.

Tilley Field has gone to rest,
And with the Saviour she is blest,
Here she suffered pain untold.
Now she walks the streets of gold.

Who can tell a mother's anguish,
When her poor heart is wrung;
For the losing of her loved one,
Dying, O so very young.

Father and mother do not worry,
For your little pet;
She is happy with the angels;
It would be very wrong to fret.

But our wise Heavenly Father,
Who doeth all things well,
He has called your little daughter,
Up with Him to dwell.

This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called hence by solemn doom,
Just come to show how sweet a flower
In paradise will bloom.

TO THE "SISTERS" OF JOHNSON AVE. MISSION

I went to the Mission House to-day,
With reverence to worship God and pray
That he would all my sins forgive.
And henceforth teach me how to live.

The "sisters" there you will always find,
There not afraid to lead the blind;
To wait on the sick, or to help the poor,
With mercies from their little store.

The kindness they heve shown to me,
Never shall forgotten be;
But I will forever pray,
That God will bless them on their way.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we enter on the other shore,
The "Sisters" that have been so kind,
They will their loving Saviour find.

With crowns and stars He will them bless,
Saying, "come unto me and be at rest;"
And with your Saviour you shall be,
All glory to God the whole Trinity.

THE RACE.

In the race of life I've been outrun, so please on me take pity.
Though blind, I've come to settle down, in this great Toronto city,

Of all the cities I've been in, where the chirping sparrow perches,
It is the greatest town of all for its charities and churches

In this race you'll plainly see, that Christ's Church is the goal,
And all who start to win the race, must not play the fool
In starting you must careful be, no false weights to carry,
For in this race my friend, you'll have no time to tarry.
Keep up good heart, and steadfast be, if you would not tumble,
You will find trouble on your way, 'tis easy now to stumble
But if your training right has been, you'll sure to be the gainer,
Then you'll sit down with the King and be his guest forever.

All glory to our God and King, we see this race has started,
So never be deceived with sin, nor never be fainthearted.
For when the laurelled crown you won,
You'll forever live with God's dear son.

BOYNE'S LAMENT.

O heart that is broken, and soul that is sad,
Why are you troubled, or why feel so bad,
Neglecting a Saviour, so good and so kind,
To all His children, seeing or blind.

Or chances past, which ne'er shall be returned,
Or deeds done, or friendship spurned,
But listen awhile to me I pray,
I'll tell you why I'm so sad to day.

February month to me, ever will accursed be,
For from that time 'twas willed, I no more should see,
Blown up was I with dynamite,
And that was how I lost my sight.

Fathers, imagine if you can,
The hardships of a poor blind man,
Who on this earth is bound to be,
Shut out from all he pines to see.

But this sad life will soon be o'er,
And we'll enter on the other shore,
With all those I love to see,
Forever in Eternity.

TO MY SON EDWARD.

Edward, my loved and only son,
Your sixteenth birthday now has come,
Happy may your birthday be,
Long life and sweet prosperity.

Dear Ed. your heart is young and warm,
May you manly face the storm,
For in this life you'll find it tough,
As you've already proved its rough.

My dear boy fresh courage take,
Be manly for your mother's sake,
Always to her be very kind,
For your poor father, he is blind.

Never mind boy, God's will, will be done,
Into His hands I will place my son,
Trust Him lad, He, thy Father will be,
And God will always care for thee.

THE BLIND MAN'S DAUGHTER.

Ada you are my little queen,
Although your face I've never seen,
For you have been my eyes to-day,
To lead your father on his way.

On the sidewalks about the town,
You lead me on my daily round,
Or when to a neighbour's a visit I pay,
You guide me that I may not stray.

Oh Ada, do you understand,
That Jesus dwells at God's right hand,
And if you always watch and pray,
He will lead you on *your* way.

Ada, may you ever be,
Pure, innocent and free,
And may your path forever shine,
With deeds of kindness you've left behind.

Ada darling, though we are poor,
I know we'll meet on the other shore,
With our Heavenly Father we shall be,
And then my little queen I'll see.

Tune—"*Swance River.*"

Sin, sick, sad and weary,
Far from thee I roam,
Take me in your arms, dear Jesus,
Come and take the wanderer home.

Alone you see I have fallen,
Into the depths of sin,
Nothing but thy blood can redeem me,
Come and take the wanderer in.

I will arise and go to Jesus,
Repenting of my sins,
Then my Jesus will forgive me,
He will take me in.

And with his arms enfolded round me,
I know I cannot fall,
Satan and his charms cannot harm me,
O hear the blessed call.

And now I live with Jesus,
All is peace within,
For Jesus is my Saviour,
He is my heavenly King.

All my friends that have gone before,
I shall meet up there,
Then with blessed Jesus,
I shall their glory share.

Your time is swiftly gliding by.
With troubles and cares and many a sigh,
To be redeemed should be your cry,
What have you done for Jesus.

CHORUS :

Jesus suffered all for me,
Hanged upon the accursed tree,
He alone can set you free,
What have you done for Jesus.

You have gathered up lots of gold in store,
Your barns are full unto the door,
You think you never can be poor,
What have you done for Jesus.

CHORUS :

The master comes to-night my friend,
On earth you have no more time to spend,
Eternity it has no end,
What have you done for Jesus.

CHORUS :

O ask for mercy, make up your mind,
Those evil works and way decline,
Henceforth to live and to do right,
To go and work for Jesus.

CHORUS :

For Jesus is the sinners friend,
He came to live on earth with men,
To teach us what we ought to do,
O go and work for Jesus.

MR. BOYNE TO A FRIEND.

Oh dearest mother wherever I may roam,
I never shall forget thee, nor my girlhood home,
And sacred to my memory is my dear brother Tom,
But now he is with the Saviour, to heaven he has gone.

You sent him off to Wakefield, his health to recover,
With medical assistance, but soon they did discover,
Poor Tom's life was limited, his race was nearly run,
From a world of trouble and care to a world to come.

I oftimes picture to myself, dear Tom I loved so well,
In our little home at Moortown wherein we used to dwell,
But now he's gone to heaven, and with God above
Is with a loving Saviour receiving love for love.

Dear mother I never shall forget thee, tho' far across the sea,
I will ask God's blessing on your head where ever you shall be,
And dear mother, if on earth we never meet no more,
May we all meet together on God's eternal shore.

There is a church on Christie street,
Where we plead before the mercy seat,
To a loving father ever kind,
To all his children, seeing or blind.

The bell has tolled the hour of prayer,
And the people are assembled there,
With due reference kneel and pray,
That God will guide us on our way.

All have sinned and gone astray,
Far from the right and narrow way,
Through this world so dark and cold,
From the Saviour's loving fold.

Holy Spirit lead us back,
From this ruined backward track,
O lead us in the road the saints have trod,
That leads us to a great eternal God.

O God, what are we then but nought,
Jesus with his soul has bought,
Holy Spirit set us free,
May we worship the whole Trinity.

We all shall reach the end of this life,
By one line or another,
On the land or upon the sea,
Fellow traveller where are we.

We are drifting on the sands of time,
Like a ship without rudder, the breaker's find
Our souls are wrecked on the endless shore,
And eternity is one before.

Stop poor traveller, stop and think,
Change your course, your on destructions brink,
Take the eye of faith, and the anchor of hope,
Simply trusting in Jesus, then you'll all evil cope.

With the haven gained, and the anchor cast,
Happy with Jesus, we are trusting at last,
We shall rest evermore on eternity's shore,
Peaceful with Jesus, our troubles all o'er.

MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF SARAH FLETCHER.

Silently 'read when you came near my child,
When I think of my darling with grief I am wild,
But she has gone from this world of discontent,
To answer a message the Saviour has sent.

But before she left this valley of tears,
She called for Ada, her mate it appears,
Bu poor Sarah she has gone alone,
And with the Saviour she is at home.

Father and mother do not fret for me,
It was the Saviour's will, you see,
I was lent to you for a little while,
But now God called you little child.

Father and mother make no delay,
If unto God you watch and pray,
You shall again behold your child,
And win the Saviour's loving smile.

Father and mother it is very plain,
You will see your children all again,
And dwell together for evermore,
Upon the great eternal shore.

O my dearest mother, what pen can tell,
The love which in your heart does dwell,
When looking on your children three,
Or dancing your darling on your knee.

But mother dear your heart was wrung,
With sorrow and misery you were undone,
But mother dear I am nearly wild,
When I think I am a drunkard's child.

But our heavenly Father who doeth all things well,
Has called you up with him to dwell,
From sorrow and care your soul at rest,
And with the Saviour you are blessed.

But unto God I shall ever pray,
That he will guide me on the way,
To guide me through this desert wild,
O God protect a drunkard's child.

And when my labour here is done,
I shall arise with God's dear Son,
With my mother I shall ever be,
Forever in Eternity.

Tune—"There is no one left to love me but that little boy of mine."

The heavenly gates are opened wide, just hear the angels sing,
For Jesus Christ the Saviour is our heavenly King,
Just listen to the Cherubim as they their anthem cry,
The Lamb that was slain, but lives again, for you and me did die.

CHORUS:

Then if you follow Jesus, He will be your Heavenly King
And you shall live forever and loud his praises sing,
From victory to victory, to victory you ever shall go on,
All glory to Jesus, and this shall be our song.

Live in charity with all men and you will always find,
The blessed love of Jesus, it on your face will shine,
Be willing and submissive, walk in the narrow way,
Always look to Jesus and you will win the day.

CHORUS:

And when you cross the narrow stream, He will meet you on the way,
He will lead you out of darkness into the light of day,
You will behold the Jasper walls, and walk the streets of gold,
And then your loving Jesus, His glories will unfold.

OUR FIREMEN.

God bless our Firemen, noble and bold,
Who brave every danger through heat and cold,
All honor to our Firemen manly and gay,
Where duty calls they fly to obey.

They watch and listen to catch the alarm,
Then off to the fire they go like a charm,
We, brave every danger our strength to display,
When duty calls we fly to obey.

They climb the ladders some soul to save,
Or with branch pipe in hand the fire they brave,
God bless their manly souls we say,
Where duty calls they fly to obey.

Our city is blessed it is plain to behold,
Our noble fireman are worth more than gold,
When danger threatens we hear them say,
Where duty calls we fly to obey.

May they watch and listen the last trumpet to hear,
May they with Jesus their Saviour appear,

Ready aye ready we hear each one say,
Where duty calls we fly to obey.

Then hurrah for our lads dressed in blue,
Who'se deeds we all much admire,
Then hurrah for lads dressed in blue,
Who saves us and protects us from fire.

MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOUR'S SON.

Bobby Dockeray and his dog so bold,
Travelled together and milk he sold,
As regular as the sun went down,
Bobby on his route was found.

His father promoted him to a horse and wagon,
To peddle his milk without any lagging,
I say no boy on Christie Street.
As Bobby and his rig so neat.

Now Mr. Dockeray found Bobby quite a helper,
As he would jump in his waggon and give his horse [a skelper.
And Bobby worked with right good will,
But very soon he was taken ill.

The Doctors were summoned but to no avail,
But still he grew worse and sad the tale,
Poor Bobby is dead, and to Heaven he is gone,
Where we all shall follow one by one.

Father and mother God's will be done,
Into your hand God placed that son,
Lent you for a while to give you joy,
But now God calls your darling boy.

Father and mother, sister and brother,
Please do not weep no more,
For Bobby is not lost
He's only gone before.

And when our pilgrimage is o'er
We shall all dwell on the heavenly shore,
Where father and mother ever shall be,
Joined with all their family.

Holy Jesus keep me thine,
May thy pure love within me shine,
May my spirit ever be,
Humble, obedient unto thee.

O keep me humble in the dust,
That I may always watch and trust,
From temptation keep me free,
That I may only worship thee.

Simply to thy cross I'll cling,
Sorrow and cares to thee I'll bring.
Holy Jesus save my soul,
Keep me safe within the fold.

All honor to thy glorious name,
For ever and ever be the same,
Holy angels sing thy praise,
Unto thee their voices raise.

And when I pass through deaths dark land,
Holy Jesus take my hand,
Unto thee I'll sing thy praise,
When with Jesus I shall rise.

Mrs. Graham, a real true friend and kind,
May she her loving Saviour find,
For whoso giveth a cup of cold water in Christ's [name
Shall be rewarded for the same.

I well remember one winter's day,
In selling my goods I called your way,
Only a poor blind man and his little boy,
But your cheerful words gave me much joy.

But our good neighbor's gone, and her friendship [we miss.
As one by one we fill up the list,
We cannot tell who next may fall,
So be prepared for the great trumpet call.

Her trials and troubles now are o'er,
As she enters on the Heavenly shore,
Her loving Saviour she shall find,
For Christ redeemeth all mankind.

Go bury thy sorrow,
Bury it deep with care,
Go tell it to Jesus,
Tell it to Jesus in prayer.